SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Age of Dryden.

Not to leave out anything which the most meticulous reader may miss seems to be a leading object with the editors of the *Cambridge History of English Literature* (Putnams), of which the eighth volume, *The Age of Dryden*, is the latest. The fulfilment of this purpose tends more to completeness than to readableness. The contributors have taken pains, doubtless under instructions, to remember quite unmemorable persons. There is even a whole chapter on "The Progress of Science," which is of questionable relevancy to the history of English literature properly so-called, although undoubtedly the development of physics in Charles II.'s time, due in part to that clever monarch's own intelligent curiosity on the subject which had much to do with the founding of the Royal Society, had more influence on poetry, especially upon those whom Johnson curiously called the "metaphysical poets," most especially Cowley and Donne, than it has had on any subsequent period of English poetry. The chapter on "Divines of the Church of England" may seem to some readers equally negligible, and may recall Taine's remark, not the best-considered remark in his "History," that to read the English sermons of the seventeenth century one must either be a critic by profession or experience a zealous desire to get his soul saved. In fact, though Barrow and Tillotson and Sherlock and the rest are not to be compared in poetical sensibility to Jeremy Taylor and George Herbert of a preceding generation, nor in stateliness and seemliness of rhetoric to their own French contemporaries, Bossuet and Bourdaloue, their works long outlasted themselves, were current and familiar throughout the whole of the eighteenth century, and even well into the nineteenth, as is seen by Senator Hoar's praise, in his autobiography, of the sermons of Robert South as models of English style.

Without question Dryden is the typical writer of the period and is entitled to give his name to the literary age, "an age of prose and reason," as Matthew Arnold calls it in contradistinction to the preceding Elizabethan age of poetry and genius. Dryden has been so much and so well written about, from Johnson to Arnold, that Dr. Ward's task in endeavoring to say something about him which should be negotiably new as well as essentially true, was particularly difficult. He has discharged himself of it very well He must be a specialist in Dryden, who does not find enough of novelty in this discussion to interest him, while the verisimilitude of the portrait commends itself to readers in proportion to their familiarity with the original. There is occasionally a stroke of affectation in the diction, as when we read that "it would not serve any purpose to dwell upon the general morigeration of Dryden." Probably not, but the opinion would be more convincing if delivered like a man of this world. Such freaks are, however, rare, and the reader's attention is not often diverted from the matter to the manner. The narrative part is well and clearly done; the critical often acute and suggestive. Dryden's gift, long ago emphasized, and in its degree peculiar to him among English poets, of "arguing in verse," is clearly brought out. "Absolom and Achitophel," says the commentator, is written "after the fashion of a great parliamentary orator," who shows "a consciousness of the possibility that the political situation may change." This consciousness tends to candor, and it is unjust to Dryden to call him a trimmer because he has the candor and also the penetration to perceive what is to be said on the other side, qualities which indeed make him all the more formidable as a controversialist. The final word about Dryden, in all his manifestations, seems to be that which Dr. Ward quotes from a previous critic. He "had a sovereign intellect but a subject will." All the same, it is as impossible to conceive the age of Dryden without Dryden as the Elizabethan drama without Shakespeare. It is truer of him than it was of Goldsmith, in the language of Johnson's epitaph, that "there was hardly any kind of writing which he did not touch, and that he touched nothing which he did not adorn." English verse, English prose, English drama, would one and all have been weaker and less interesting in his generation and in the generation following but for him, in spite of his tergiversation and his "morigeration" of which the very buthos is quoted here:

> How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleased to hear
> His fame augmented by an English peer.

The change in the English drama from before the Puritan until after the Restoration, like all the other literary manifestations of the period, has been often treated before. But readers most familiar with the previous writings on the subject will find interesting the three chapters on "The Restoration Drama," which have been respectively contributed by Prof. Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania Mr. Whibley and Mr. Bartholemew. The essential distinction between the drama of the Restoration and the drama before the Rebellion is that the former was a popular and the latter, so to speak, an official drama. The players of Shakespeare's time were for the most part what in modern theatrical slang would be known as "barnstormers." Strollers or domiciled, they had to meet the popular demand as strictly as a modern theatrical company has to do. After the Restoration the drama was a fashionable function, an appendage of "society" and in the first place of that heart of society which was the court. Hence came all the subordinate differences between the plays and the playwrights of the two periods. Shakespeare is taken out of the competition by the genius which isolated him. But the difference between the common run of Elizabethan dramatists and their successors of the next generation but one was mainly a difference in the requirements of their audiences, a matter of supply and demand. The drama was Gallicized, so far as it was because it had been first officialized. The appeal was no longer to the people but to the fashionable circle.

Dryden in one of his moments of "morigeration" had the face to lay it down that "the court" was the only place from which sound criticism was to be expected. In fact the influence exerted by such a court as was that of Charles the Second was destructive to the morality of the English stage, which, as Macaulay has pointed out, was essentially quite sound when the populace was the tribunal to which the drama appealed, and equally injurious to its intellectual seriousness. Instead of holding the mirror up to nature it reflected the artificialities and conventions of the set of sophisticated people to whom it submitted itself for judgment. And this equally in tragedy and comedy. Dr. Ward says, very cleverly, of the "heroic" tragedies of Dryden: "Their themes, like those of heroic poetry and fiction in general, are the 'emprises' and conflicts of absorbing human passions, love, jealousy and honor, all raised to a transnormal height and expressed with transnormal intensity. Their men and women are, if the term may be thus applied, 'supermen' and 'superwomen,' and their master passions are superlove and superhonor." The influence of the Spanish comedy upon the drama of the Restoration has been insisted upon from the time of Walter Scott's edition of Dryden. Prof. Schelling goes into this question with great thoroughness and in minute and laborious detail and reaches the conclusion that the Spanish comedy, "the comedy of cloak and sword," was largely imported into England by way of France, and that in any case "Spanish influence was soon eclipsed by that of France." What, however, the phrase "drama of the Restoration" calls up to the ordinary reader is not the tragedies of Dryden or Lee or Otway, nor the Spanish or other comedies the generally forgotten authors of which are so conscientiously enumerated by Professor Schelling, but the comedies of Wycherly, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar, the "comic dramatists" whose works were reprinted and edited by Leigh Hunt, whose republication furnished the text for Macaulay's article, which is so much better known than any other publication on the subject.

To go over again ground once traversed by the most popular of reviewers is as discouraging a task as to undertake to rewrite one of Johnson's "Lives," in the face of which latter undertaking several of the contributors to this volume, notably the authors of the chapters on Dryden and Butler, exhibit a becoming shamefacedness. To be sure, Johnson has also written about Congreve, by no means one of the best of the "Lives," though it was not in this sketch but in a talk recorded by Boswell that he made the rather fatuous assertion of the superiority of a description in "The Mourning Bride" over anything of the same kind in Shakespeare, an unlucky assertion which Pendennis and Warrington employed to discredit Johnson as a critic to the amazed Col. Newcome and which Mr. Whibley, the author of the chapter on the "Comic Dramatists," does not hesitate to cite to the same effect. The chapter is an admirable one, perhaps the most readable in the book excepting the same author's chapter on the "Court Poets." Mr Whibley has the enviable power of retrojecting himself into the period about which he is writing, a power which is worth so much more than the laborious collation of documentary evidence about it when the question is of understanding. His enthusiasm about Congreve goes far to make even the unsympathetic reader comprehend Congreve's contemporary vogue. Of Mrs. Millamant in "The Way of the World" the critic says: "She is no profile painted up on paper and fitted with tags. Her creator has made her in three dimensions." A creation which makes this impression upon a modern of two hundred years and more later must surely be more than most readers suppose. Mr. Bartholemew, who writes the third chapter of the "Restoration Drama," has an ungrateful task, for Otway and Lee and the rest of the "heroic dramatists," Drydan alone excepted, are for the present generation dead beyond the hope of resuscitation, much more effectively dead than the authors of the court comedies.

In the chapter on "The Court Poets" Mr Whibley shows the same sympathetic comprehension or the same comprehensive sympathy as in the chapter on the comic dramatists. That is to say, he comprehends much and he pardons all among those loose lyrists. It remains rather a puzzle why he puts Rochester so much above the rest of those lascive rioters, unless it be again sympathy for the one of them who did not have time to purge sack and live cleanly. Quite notoriously the ascriptions of the lyrics of the Restoration are likely to be incorrect, the "fame" their writers sought being exclusively recognition within their own social circle. Almost as often as not verses ascribed to one "person of quality" are as likely to have been written by another. The internal evidence of style can be invoked only in the case of a writer of marked individuality, and no one of the court poets had enough of that to identify his verses, Rochester no more than half a dozen others from whom to the ordinary reader he is indistinguishable. But the chapter is unfailingly interesting all the same.

The "legal literature" of the Restoration, as of most other periods, will strike the lay reader as not literature at all, and Prof. Hearnshaw's chapter upon it is misplaced in the present volume. Yet it is in fact a rapid and masterly sketch of the development of the common law to and through the reign of Charles II. That was not a barren period in which Sir Matthew Hale and Selden flourished, and which saw a persistent and successful struggle to make use of the royal necessities to limit the royal prerogative. The habeas corpus act, it ought not to be forgotten, is technically "31 Chas. II., c. 2." One of the most sensible acts of the Long Parliament was the resolution, taken in 1650, that English instead of dog Latin and dog French should be the language of the law. Up to that time Latin was supposed to be the language of the records and French of the pleadings. Prof. Hearnshaw gives a specimen of the barbarous caninity into which each had degenerated. A man was solemnly indicted "quia tetheravit vaccam apud watermill," and the Chief Justice "fuit assault la condemne pur felony que puis son condemnation ject un brickbat que narrowly mist," in which statement, you will observe, dog French is complicated with spelling reform. After the Restoration, naturally, any precedent set under the Rebellion was sure of being overthrown, and records and pleadings reverted to their respective jargons for several generations more.

In a Cambridge history of English literature one would expect a more voluminous exposition than in a history originating anywhere else of the "Platonists and Latitudinarians" of the seventeenth century. One is not disappointed. One would expect, or perhaps rather apprehend, in any history an exhaustive discussion of "The Diarists," though such a discussion can hardly attract readers who are not already readers of Evelyn and Pepys, and to such readers will be largely superfluous. A chapter which could not be foreseen excepting by readers of the previous volumes is Prof. Saintbury's "Prosody of the Seventeenth Century." In conjunction with previous chapters, and with the subsequent chapters which may be expected, this will form a complete and connected history of English versification, well worthy of the separate publication for which it may be assumed to be destined. Little systematic attention has been paid to the subject heretofore. It is one with which the author is peculiarly fitted to deal. His omniscience is not disagreeably in evidence, while his patience and thoroughness, as well as his acuteness, are very agreeably so. No reader at all interested in its subject matter can fail to read it with pleasure and profit.

The scheme of the book, as has been suggested, involves the introduction of much skippable matter. There is perhaps no reader of so omnivorous a curiosity that he will be interested in all the contents of this volume, any more than there is any who sits down to read an encyclopædia "through." But every reader, having paid his attention to the history of what he considers literature during the age of Dryden, must have some satisfaction in the consciousness that if he should ever have a curiosity about the residuary parts of the volume he has at hand the means of assuaging the same. The editor must be praised for keeping his "wild team" of contributors so well together, or, to vary the figure, in conducting an orchestra composed of ambitious soloists to so harmonious a result. There is a portentous bibliography of a hundred pages, over a sixth of the volume, and there is a copious index of thirty pages more. It is a book mostly worth reading and altogether worth having.

Oscar Wilde.

Mr. ARTHUR RANSOME had already made some reputation as narrator and as critic by his study of Poe when it was put into his heart to write *Oscar Wilde, a Critical Study* (Mitchell Kennerley). On the good Emersonian principle that "what attracts my attention shall have it," he was perfectly entitled to choose his own subject for a second critical study, and it is idle to quarrel with his choice, however much one may be persuaded that he might have used the time and thought the study cost him to better advantage. There are even elements of felicity in the selection. There is undoubtedly more curiosity now than there was during Wilde's lifetime about his intellectual endowment and his intellectual achievement. He described himself as primarily "a poet." His poetry has been longer than any other literary work of his before an impartial public, which has decided, and irrevocably as it seems, that if he was a poet at all, with his rehandling of old subjects and his "stretched metre of an antique song" even in new ones, he was very minor. His consciously subtle and highly sophisticated prose, for the most part fugitive and ephemeral in its purpose, has even fewer elements of permanence than the verse. The plays are "the thing." They have had successes since the playwright's death such as they never enjoyed during his life. It is idle to deny that their success was to a considerable degree a "success of scandal." They gained the stage, in great part at least, by reason of the curiosity of the playgoing public as to what kind of plays a man who had led their author's kind of life would be likely to produce and in some part held it by the same extrinsic attraction.

Doubtless there was something in them; a continuance of that rattling interchange of quips which animates the comedies of Shakespeare and has continued through Congreve and his contemporaries in the next century and through Sheridan in that still following to furnish the staple of the British "society drama." All but "Salome," which holds of a quite different tradition and which is a melodrama written, as the present critic is fain to own, in rather babyish French, and owing its whole force to the directness with which it presents an extremely grisly situation. The exception which this constitutes among Wilde's plays is constituted among his poems by the "Ballad of Reading Jail," in which his prison life is presented with a crude realism in as strong contrast as possible to the imitative and sophisticated execution of the verse upon which he prided himself so much more, but which makes nothing like so strong an appeal, even to the cultivated and fastidious readers to whom his appeal commonly lay. The preciosity of his prose was as much against its effect as the preciosity of his verse when he had anything in view beyond the weaving of verbal patterns. His biographer flatters him by imagining that Wilde's "urbane" and roundabout method of conducting his controversies with his critics gave them acute pain. But there is no evidence to that effect, and it is very unlikely. Swinburne, whose polemical "note," to be sure, was by no means urbanity, once wrote a volume, "Under the Microscope," for the express purpose of giving pain to Robert Buchanan. But it is inconceivable that it inflicted so much pain upon that blustering Scotchman as was inflicted by Edmund Yates's blunt accusation of ingratitude: "I bought him bread for his stomach and sulphur for his back."

Wilde was a brilliant scholar at Oxford, who might, by mere conformity to the cloistered world, have attained almost any academical distinction, together with an assured livelihood. Nobody who met him in riper years could see him as a don. He could not see himself in that capacity. It seems quite a deliberate choice he made of seeking in London a more sensational success. Whatever he did he had to make his living by. He could not, like the Bunthorne that Gilbert modelled after him, "be content to exist beautifully" without first making sure how he was to exist at all. A born poseur, he took up the pose of æstheticism, dressed the part, and attracted enough attention to make it worth while for Du Maurier to caricature him in *Punch* and for Gilbert to weave "Patience" about him. But this notoriety was not yet of an income producing kind. "There was nothing in it." According to Mr. Ransome, it was D'Oyly Carte, who desired rather than expected an American success for "Patience" equal to its English success, who sent Wilde to America to show the Americans what the English were laughing at. His biographer says in extenuation that although "he wanted the money" he "was able to persuade himself that he had really been chosen to represent the æsthetic movement to the American people on account of his book of poems." Nonsense! His poems were unknown to the American people until his fantastic personality brought them into demand. He came to market his notoriety, his notoriety as a butt. He came as the Postlethwaite of *Punch*, the Bunthorne of "Patience."

On his arrival in New York he announced his disappointment with the Atlantic ocean which moved the *St. James Gazette* to observe that "a great calamity had befallen a considerable body of water." Having delivered himself of this sentiment and informed the custom house officers that he had nothing to declare but his genius, he disappeared from the ken of the reporters for twenty-four hours or so. The evening of his first day on shore was in fact spent at the Merchants Club in Leonard street at a dinner of eight given by William Henry Huribert, who justly concluded that nobody would think of pursuing the research of the æsthete to that resort. A remarkable dinner it was, of which only three of the convives survive. The five others were the host and the guest of honor, William M. Evarts, William C. Whitney and Sam Ward. The guest of honor was dressed like other people except for his long hair, his knee breeches and buckles and his silk stockings. His countenance was distinctly repulsive by reason of his thick, loose and lolling underlip. But he promptly lived it down with his talk. Occasionally he flew a mild paradox, but the staple of his contributions to the conversation was what Disraeli called "anecdotage." It was agreed by his commensals that they had never met a better storyteller in his quiet and undemonstrative way, without any attempt at mimicry and depending largely for his effect upon the verbal niceties which he concocted or quoted. It was during this visit that, at the instigation of Huribert, he contributed to the *World* a signed notice of the first appearance of "the Jersey Lily," whose advent shortly succeeded his own, a notice rhapsodizing over the beauty of the newcomer and prudently ignoring her histrionic claims.

The story of Wilde's life and of the suddenness with which it was changed from light comedy to ghastly tragedy is very well told by Mr. Ransome, told at once plainly and discreetly. As for the criticism, it seems sufficient to say that it produces throughout the effect of inflation, of exaggeration. It is of a minuteness which would befit a subject several sizes larger than the actual subject. To turn from the criticism to the works it is about, mainly elegant trifles, is to experience a sudden sense of shrinkage. "No man's life was crossed by Wilde's without experiencing a change." This is quite absurd, if meant in any other sense than that in which would be true of any human being, and it is a specimen of the manner in which the whole discussion is keyed up. There is a remark of Wilde's own, quoted here, which is more to the purpose both as literary and as personal criticism than all the excessive seriousness with which Mr. Ransome takes him and his works. "What the paradox was to me in the sphere of thought, perversity became to me in the realm of passion." It seemed like breaking a butterfly on a wheel for British justice to lay its heavy hand upon this sportive and perverse paradoxer. Really, it seems almost like breaking him on a wheel afresh to bring this seriousness of analysis and consideration to his intellectual gyrations. To be remembered as the original of Postlethwaite, the original of Bunthorne, may not be an ambition of much dignity; but it is the pleasantest and most harmless remembrance that can be retained of Oscar Wilde. It is likely to be also the most enduring.

A Study of Some Eminent Scoundrels.

Mr. CHARLES WHIBLEY is to be felicitated upon his lively and edifying studies in a phase of artistic endeavor which, in this degenerate age, has been vulgarized by its craftsmen and robbed of its ancient honor and distinction through the spirit of carping bourgeois morality and hypocrisy into which we are sunk. In *A Book of Scoundrels* (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Mr. Whibley discloses himself as a connoisseur of the delicate art of thievery in its various branches of highway robbery, pocket picking, housebreaking and the like. He brings to the task of properly appreciating and estimating the Michelangelo, the Shakespeare and the Velasquez of a most ancient art the nice discrimination, the sprightly wit and the delightfully unmoral pagan spirit of art for art's sake necessary for its happy accomplishment. The contemplation of this art, the study of its basic principles, of the manifestations of genius in its exponents, is not for the serious minded, the purposeful seekers after "culture." Let those good souls continue to haunt the Louvre and the Prado, armed with the volumes which give infallible recipes for a correct understanding of masterpieces. To appreciate the brilliant workmanship of a master of housebreaking or a Paganini of pocket picking, one must bottle up a New England conscience even more securely than for the enjoyment of a performance of "Salome." There must be no shuddering at bloodshed, no intrusion of old fashioned scruples as to the sacredness of property. Rather you must view the performance with the squint of the wielder of the brush and consider critically, Was it necessary? Was it prettily done, consistently done, without bungling or grossness?

These are the tests of artistic excellence. Naturally the true genius of villainy handles his talent with restraint. Wanton crime, unnecessary murder, rapacious robbery, are revolting to his delicate sensibilities. The shining ornaments of the profession of highway robbery, that most picturesque branch of the art we are considering, never approached a lady without a compliment, never robbed her of her sentimental trinkets, never left a gentleman on the road with funds insufficient to carry him to his destination in comfort, and never molested the slender pocket of the poor man. Mr. Whibley expounds all the rules and considerations which should govern this branch of connoisseurship. His researches have made him something of an iconoclast. He is desirous above all things to see justice meted out to all, and takes a pride in displaying the clay feet of certain idols in roguery whose facility for self-advertisement enabled them to dupe the unthinking into exalting them above abler and modester men. These were the playboys, the braggarts who boasted of deeds they had not the courage to perform.

There was James Maclaine, who has been honored, most unjustly, as Mr. Whibley thinks, with the title of "Gentleman Highwayman." He was the idol of the eighteenth century, the spoiled darling of fashion of the age, yet the truth about him, we are told, is that a meaner, more white livered creature never lived. Far from being a gentleman and a man of courage, he was a middle class provincial, who wore his clothes like a valet dressed in his master's finery, and whose most daredevilish exploit consisted in holding horses' heads while an accomplice performed the delicate task of obtaining the purses. Even in his historic encounter with the great Walpole, upon which his fame is based, he committed the unpardonable solecism of discharging his pistol at the head of an innocent man. Mr. Whibley holds that such a breach of good form, an act of impulse which undoubtedly disclosed the true nature of the so-called artist, ought to have disgraced the perpetrator for life, and further, that the fulsome letter of apology which followed it, protesting that if the unmannerly pistol shot had proved fatal there was another waiting for Maclaine himself, would never have made a ripple in the talk of the town if it had not been for Walpole's wit when he replied: "Can I do less than say I will be hanged if he is?" Maclaine blundered at the great opportunity of his life, but his approach to death was even more pitiably inartistic. There was nothing in it to support the boast of the nobleman who said that "in no country do malefactors go to execution more intrepidly than in England." The gallows, that "stern test of artistry," as Mr. Whibley calls it, has been the cause of a blot on more than one almost flawlessly consistent reputation, but few have come to it so cringingly as Maclaine. The majority have erred only in the finer points of behavior, have been betrayed into nothing more serious than an overtouch of bravado or the bromidism of a twenty-fourth hour conversion. But Maclaine whined and shuffled like the coward he was. That was two centuries ago, but it is pleasant to think that even at this late date the distinguished title of "Gentleman Highwayman" has been snatched away from so unworthy and inadequate a claimant.

Inevitably Mr. Whibley finds happiness only in contemplating the past, especially the Augustinian age of the seventeenth century, when it was something of an honor to be robbed by a master hand, and when noble ladies showered their favors on imprisoned kings of the road. Following those wonderful days came the epoch of the pickpocket, and after it the reign of housebreaking, which in its tincture of vulgarism foreshadowed the decline which was to come. None of the arts are in so sad a condition to-day as this time honored one which came into existence with the beginnings of property holding. The supporter of classic tradition may rail at the modernism which produces music without melody, pictures that you think must surely by mistake have been hung upside down and novels that are sociological tracts embellished with observations of the clinic, but your sympathy does not rush out to him as to Mr. Whibley, who, awaking from his dreams of a time when ex-cavalier highwaymen went forth to rob in the splendor of a coach and four, looks about him and sees the honor of the profession resting on the shoulders of sober gentlemen who from the prosaic stronghold of a mahogany furnished office conduct commonplace depredations upon the hoard of the widow and the rural parson.

In that glorious century of English history which followed the defeat of the Armada the achievements of British highway robbers reached a point of brilliancy never before attained and since then unequalled. James Hind, whom Mr. Whibley capably selects as the Master Thief of England, the Virgil of the Pad, was born in 1618. His genius was of the superlative order which seems to possess intuitively the facility which the less generously endowed acquire only after patient study. His first encounter with a traveller was marked by all the polish and bonhomie which afterward became synonymous with his name. He was little more than a boy when participation in a drunken brawl necessitated his first night in jail. This trifling event proved to be one of the happiest circumstances of his life, for it brought him to the attention of Robert Allen, a highwayman of very considerable talents and ability. Sagacious and observing, Allen quickly detected the promise of his fellow prisoner, and upon their release gave him his first opportunity to prove his natural aptitude for the trade. The young lad, only recently released from the drudgery of a butcher's apprentice, was detailed to hold up a traveller on Shooter's Hill. "There was no falter in his voice, no hint of inexperience in his manner," Mr. Whibley says, "when he shouted the battle cry, 'Stand and deliver!' The horseman, fearful of his life, instantly surrendered a purse of ten sovereigns, as to the most practised assailant on the road. Whereupon Hind, with a flourish of ancient courtesy, gave him twenty shillings to bear his charges. 'This,' said he, 'is for handsale sake'; and thus they parted in mutual compliment and content."

Hind never departed from the enlightened method of his initial effort. His aim was always for self-improvement and more perfect artistry. Success and the incense of the populace, those pitfalls of greatness, which in his case reached a point where it was a distinction to have been robbed by the master and where innocent persons were happy if they could invent an ingenious enough account of their own victimizing to accord with his reputation, left his head unturned. He became neither reckless nor overrapacious. His delight was to use his strength in behalf of the oppressed and to outwit the miser and the usurer. He was, Mr. Whibley says, both a philosopher and a humorist. "Disgrace not yourself for small sums, but aim high, and for great ones," was his favorite maxim; "the least will bring you to the gallows." He was both resourceful and versatile. He could match the texts of a Roundhead with apt quotations from the pronouncements of the wisest of men, or he could deliver to a cultivated and fat pursed traveller an elegant and eloquent oration on the philosophy of gold. A complete recital of exploits which demonstrated the readiness of his wit would fill a good sized volume. One fine morning, sallying forth in quest of adventure, he came upon two gentlemen's servants and relieved them of a neat sum. Riding forward he overtook a parson considerably fuddled from a convivial wedding celebration. "Sir," said Hind to that worthy, "I am closely pursued by robbers. You, I dare swear, will not stand by and see me plundered," and he quickly thrust his pistol into the hand of the holy man, bidding him fire at the first comer, while he, Hind, would hurry for assistance. Presently the two plundered servants came along and the parson, mindful of the injunction given him, fired wildly and flung the pistol in the face of one of the newcomers. "Thus," says Mr. Whibley, "the parson of the parish was dragged before the magistrate, while Hind, before his dupe could furnish an explanation, had placed many a mile between himself and his adversary."

This truly remarkable man, in common with many of his calling, was a stanch supporter of the Stuarts. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to trim a Roundhead. His reputation as a devoted royalist, however, does not rest solely upon his proclivity toward plundering Oliver's followers, a circumstance which might easily be attributed to professional enthusiasm. He fought with the Stuart forces in Scotland and with the future Charles II. at the battle of Worcester, where he was wounded and captured by the army of the Commonwealth. He was tried for treason, hung, drawn and quartered, and his remains used to decorate the walls of the city of Worcester in the pleasing fashion of that age. Sentimentalists will perhaps rejoice that this dashing hero, who went to the gallows as gayly as he ever approached a lady's coach, died in the service of the cavalier king, but from a more judicial point of view it is rather to be regretted. As Mr. Whibley suggests, while there were thousands of loyal royalists, there was but one Captain Hind, and it seems a pity that fate should not have allowed his death, as well as his life, to be accredited to the glory of the profession which he elevated to a standard never again attained.

With a generosity not always displayed by masculine critics, Mr. Whibley gives full recognition to the ability of Moll Cutpurse, who might be called, professionally, the George Sand, the Queen Elizabeth of her world. "The most illustrious woman of an illustrious age," he says of her, and follows with a glowing account of the career of the "incomparable Roaring Girl," the toast of the poets, the companion of Ben Jonson and his wits. Tradition has it that Moll came into the world with her fist doubled and manifested the disposition of a tomboy even in her cradle. History offers few examples of as complete a subjugation of sex as in the life of this heroine. By the time she had reached young womanhood she had developed a taste for the lusty sport of bear baiting, in contrast to the gentle occupation of sampler making, then the mode for young women. Her father's proposal to apprentice her to a decorous saddler produced such a tornado of rebellion that she was packed on board a slave ship bound for Virginia. Escaping before the ship weighed anchor, she most naturally turned for assistance and advice to friends won during her visits to the Bear Garden. Her personality was already remarkable enough to make her a valuable acquisition to the gang of cutpurses and pickpockets who found relaxation and amusement at that rendezvous. Of these two arts, the first had been brought to perfection and the second was beginning to be practised with considerable elegance. "Once again," says Mr. Whibley, "was genius born into a golden age." It soon developed, however, that Moll, while by no means clumsy, lacked the delicacy of touch essential for the finest work. Her genius lay rather in planning and strategy than in execution. She was always a diplomatist rather than a general, we are told. From the seclusion of her sitting room she directed the operations of the men. She became first the leader and then the autocrat of the gang. And she built up a remarkable, reacting system by which she reaped the fruits of both war and diplomacy. Mr. Whibley describes graphically this phase of the industry. "She planned the robberies which defter hands achieved," he says, "and, turning herself from cly filer to fence, she received and changed to money all the watches and trinkets stolen by the gang. Were a citizen robbed upon the highway, he straightway betook himself to Moll, and his property was presently returned him at a handsome price. Her house, in short, became a brokery. Hither the blades and dicers brought their purchases, and sought the ransom; hither came the outraged victims to buy again the jewels and rings which thievish fingers had pinched. With prosperity her method improved, until at last her statesmanship controlled the remotest details of the craft. Did one of her gang get to work overnight and carry off a wealthy swag, she had due intelligence of the affair betimes next morning, so that, furnished with an inventory of the booty, she might make a just division, or be prepared for the advent of the rightful owner." Wonderful woman! Napoleon must have admired her and Talleyrand viewed her achievements with respect. You shudder at the thought that had she been born in our day she would, as Mr. Whibley suggests, have become a "pioneer," have found no more effective outlet for her energies than the leadership of a parade.

Sentiment was too soft a thing to appeal to this being, who, as the present historian says, was neither man nor woman and yet both. Adorers she had in abundance, but she would tolerate neither husband nor lover. Appropriately, for Moll's genius turned into friends those who in the natural course of events would have been enemies. The suitor honored with the closest platonic friendship and esteem was a certain Ralph Briscoe, clerk of Newgate. They would have made a brilliant pair, for Mr. Whibley admits Briscoe into his hall of fame for scoundrels. Small and hollow chested, with stooping shoulders and ratlike eyes, Ralph, nevertheless, had a heart as brave as the best Crusader that turned his face toward the Holy Land and a brain as cunning as the cleverest rascal in Newgate. It took a brave man to woo Moll at the time of his meeting with her. "The Roaring Girl was no more young, and years had not refined her character unto gentleness," Mr. Whibley says. "It was still her habit to appear publicly in jerkin and galligaskins, to smoke tobacco in contempt of her sex [Moll claimed the distinction of being the first woman to smoke the weed] and to fight her enemies, with a very fury of insolence. In stature she exceeded the limping clerk by a head, and she could pick him up with one hand like a kitten. Yet he loved her, not for any grace of person, nor beauty of feature, nor even because her temperament was undaunted as his own. He loved her for that wisest of reasons, which is no reason at all, because he loved her. In his eyes she was the queen, not of misrule, but of hearts."

It would be flattering British pride too much to give the impression that all of Mr. Whibley's notables were born on the soil of merry England. France, that land where the humblest artisan is an artist, produced Louis-Dominique Cartouche, who ranks below Cæsar and Napoleon in ambition but not in the genius of success. "Whatever he would attain was his on the instant," says Mr. Whibley, "nor did failure interrupt his career until treachery, of which he went in perpetual terror, involved himself and his comrades in ruin." It was Cartouche who conceived the plan of having his assistants go into service in the houses of the nobility, both to reconnoitre and to avert suspicion, while he himself prudently never slept two nights in the same house. Even when his fame was terrorizing Paris so that the King trembled in his bed, the incognito was so perfectly preserved that none could describe Cartouche's personal appearance. Treachery brought him to prison, but in the austere surroundings of a cell his ready wit, his gracious and polished manner, his splendid courage drew the eyes of the world to him as his achievements had when he was known as the "scourge of Paris." A clever but unsuccessful endeavor to escape added notoriety. Great lords and ladies smiled upon him, his photograph was the most familiar object in the homes of the city and his prototype appeared simultaneously on the stage of the Français and the Italiens. Cartouche despised the well bred patronage and viewed the comedy at the Italiens as an insult. A threat of the vengeance of his followers brought this temerarious theatrical venture to a sudden end. Ridicule was an indignity which his proud spirit would not endure. He died consistently, without the weakness of a confession or the hypocrisy of a conversion.

We have given but the briefest sketches of a few of Mr. Whibley's celebrities. The reader will want to know George Barrington, the monarch of pickpockets; Sixteen-String Jack, with his talent for advertisement; Deacon Brodie, who defined hanging as "a leap into the dark," and Charles Peace, that most conscientious artist of housebreaking, whose two diversions were religion and violin playing. Their histories, together with those of a number of others, are presented cleverly and entertainingly. Mr. Whibley deserves to be congratulated upon his successful venture into the province made famous by Thomas De Quincey.

FOREIGN NOTES.

From Consular and Trade Reports.

An American breakfast food manufacturer is in Hawaii investigating the taro plant with the view of putting on the market a new food product made therefrom. Taro is a tropical plant, grown in the islands of the Pacific, where it forms a principal food. Its starchy, stemlike tuberous root is now boiled or baked, made into bread or into pol, a fermented product. The young leaves and tender leaf stalks are used respectively like spinach and asparagus.

Cassava, or manioc, another starchy tuber which grows abundantly in tropical America, might also prove valuable for conversion into breakfast foods. Cassava has long been sold in flaked form in India. Bananas and plantains are also now flaked and crisped, samples of toasted plantain flakes from the Dominican Republic being among the exhibits at the bureau of manufactures in Washington.

Very little chewing gum is at present sold in China, at least that is true of the north. None of the business houses in Tientsin carry it in stock. This is because there are comparatively few Americans in China, and foreigners of other nationalities are not particularly addicted to the chewing gum habit.

There are perhaps 3,000 foreigners, excluding soldiers, in the various concessions at Tientsin. About 120 of these are Americans. The Japanese come first in numbers and the British next; neither of these nationalities use chewing gum. Whether the Chinese would take kindly to it if it were introduced is a question that can be solved only by experiment.

The use of cigarettes in China is increasing rapidly among the natives, and it is possible that if the same methods were used to introduce chewing gum it would have a similar success. The British-American Tobacco Company entered this field several years ago. With headquarters in Shanghai, it has established large houses in each of the treaty ports.

From these travelling men are sent through the cities and towns of the interior, placardin, the walls with huge illustrated posters printed in Chinese. These salesmen distribute sample packages of cigarettes on the streets, giving away many thousands as an advertisement, and then arrange with some native merchant to carry a stock of their goods. By these effective and energetic methods they have built up an enormous traffic, which is steadily growing.

Forestry is a subject in which the Chinese evince no interest, as there are no forests in this country. The Great Plain, on which Tientsin is located, never had forests, being entirely of delta formation, and the mountainous regions to the north and west were denuded of their forests centuries ago. The surface soil of these mountains has been washed away and to reforest them would be a matter of great difficulty. The only nurseryman in this consular district is Mr. F. Bade, of the Tientsin Nursery, Gardens, who is much interested in tree culture. He raises various shade and ornamental trees from seed, but the soil of the Great Plain is alkaline and comparatively few varieties of trees will flourish in it. He has had the most success with the acacia.

A British corporation engaged in mining and shipping has a concession for coal mining in the Kaiping district, about 80 miles northwest of Tientsin. (The name of the manager may be obtained from the Bureau of Manufactures.) The surface of the region is broken by hills 50 to 200 feet high, which are absolutely bare of trees, and the company has begun the work of afforestation. It already has 1,000,000 young trees growing, chiefly acacia, and is preparing to establish a nursery for them on an extensive scale.

There are no Government forestry officials, schools of forestry or horticulture, magazines devoted to these subjects or associations of foresters, nurserymen, seedsmen, etc., in China. At Tsingtau, German China, afforestation has been successfully carried on by the German Government.

American tourists and others travelling in foreign countries could accomplish a great deal toward creating a market for American products if they would use a little tact and national pride by visiting stores and shops and calling for some American made article.

No merchant will carry a class of goods for which he has no demand; neither will there be a demand for a product of which the public knows nothing. If the tourist and others would call for American products when purchasing articles abroad and not accept the substitute offered them until they have visited a number of stores the merchants would soon begin to inquire as to where and how they could procure these goods to carry them in stock. The public would also learn that this new product was in demand and on the market and would begin to make purchases.

I make it a rule to visit as many stores as possible when in foreign countries (invariably calling for some American product, but seldom finding it) for two reasons; one is to see the class of goods carried, the price charged, the mode of display made and the manner of selling them; the other is to see if any American goods are handled, and if so what class and to what extent and the price obtained.

When stationed at Buenos Ayres, Argentina, I was called upon by a lady, who had been living there but a short time, for the address of a certain shoe factory in the United States which made the kind of shoe she had been wearing. The address was furnished and a pair of shoes ordered through a merchant of that city. In due course of time the lady received the shoes and exhibited them to some of her friends, who in turn, being well pleased with the neatness and other qualities, gave orders for this shoe in the same way. Through the efforts of these ladies so many others made demands that the merchant was obliged to order by the case.

American publishers and bookbinders generally, issuing publications which may be used in the tropics, need to give attention to the matter of employing in their work such materials as will not only resist the usual effects of a hot, damp climate, but which also will withstand the onslaughts of various insects and worms.

This is of particular importance to publishers of trade catalogues. Hundreds of catalogues of American business houses, prepared at great expense and bound in permanent board or cloth, attractive in design and calculated to merit a place in a trade library, are ruined by two or three days exposure in an office. Many of them in whose binding ordinary glue is employed come apart as a result of the dampness of the climate. More of them are damaged by the ravages of insects, largely by cockroaches eating the sizing or glue stock in the fiber of the cloth or board binding. There are also other pests to be guarded against in this line.

For some time the bureau of printing of the Government of the Philippines has been carrying on, with satisfactory results, experiments in the use of special glue stock and sizing of various materials for book coverings. In each book issued is inserted a printed slip which asks the recipient to report to the bureau the experience had with that particular sort of binding. Results are watched and a record is kept of the advantages or each particular variety of binding materials. At present the publications of the bureau are being issued in bindings made from approved materials, and the result is that these are practically the only publications received in this part of the world that are not immediately injured by local pests.